

# SINK HOLLOW

ISSUE 7



# EDITOR'S NOTE



I WRITE ENTIRELY TO FIND OUT WHAT I'M  
THINKING, WHAT I'M LOOKING AT, WHAT  
I SEE AND WHAT IT MEANS. WHAT I WANT  
AND WHAT I FEAR.



- JOAN DIDION

This issue marks my last as both an undergraduate student and as Sink Hollow's Editor-in-Chief. I have been with this precious publication since I was a freshman, new and green in the creative writing world.

My time with Sink Hollow has been invaluable. It has given me a deep appreciation for the vulnerability of creators and writers alike who share their work with us. It is terrifying to not only bring your creativity into actuality, but to share it publicly for the world to see. I have sat back in awe through every submission period at the bravery of all our artists and writers who find a home in our publication.

I thank every submitter for making our publication possible. Without your bravery, we wouldn't exist.

I'd also like to thank the people that made my tenure as Editor-in-Chief possible. Thank you to Robb Kunz, who has been a teacher, a cheerleader, and a friend, to my staff who works tirelessly to ensure the quality of this publication, and to Dax Lehman, who taught me to trust my eye and have faith in the creative process.

I am so grateful for my time with this magazine. It is, of all the things I've done in my undergraduate career, my greatest accomplishment.

So, enjoy Issue 7. It is a triumph of transformative writing and art in all its forms. I am honored to have been even a small part of it.

Jess Nani

Editor-in-Chief

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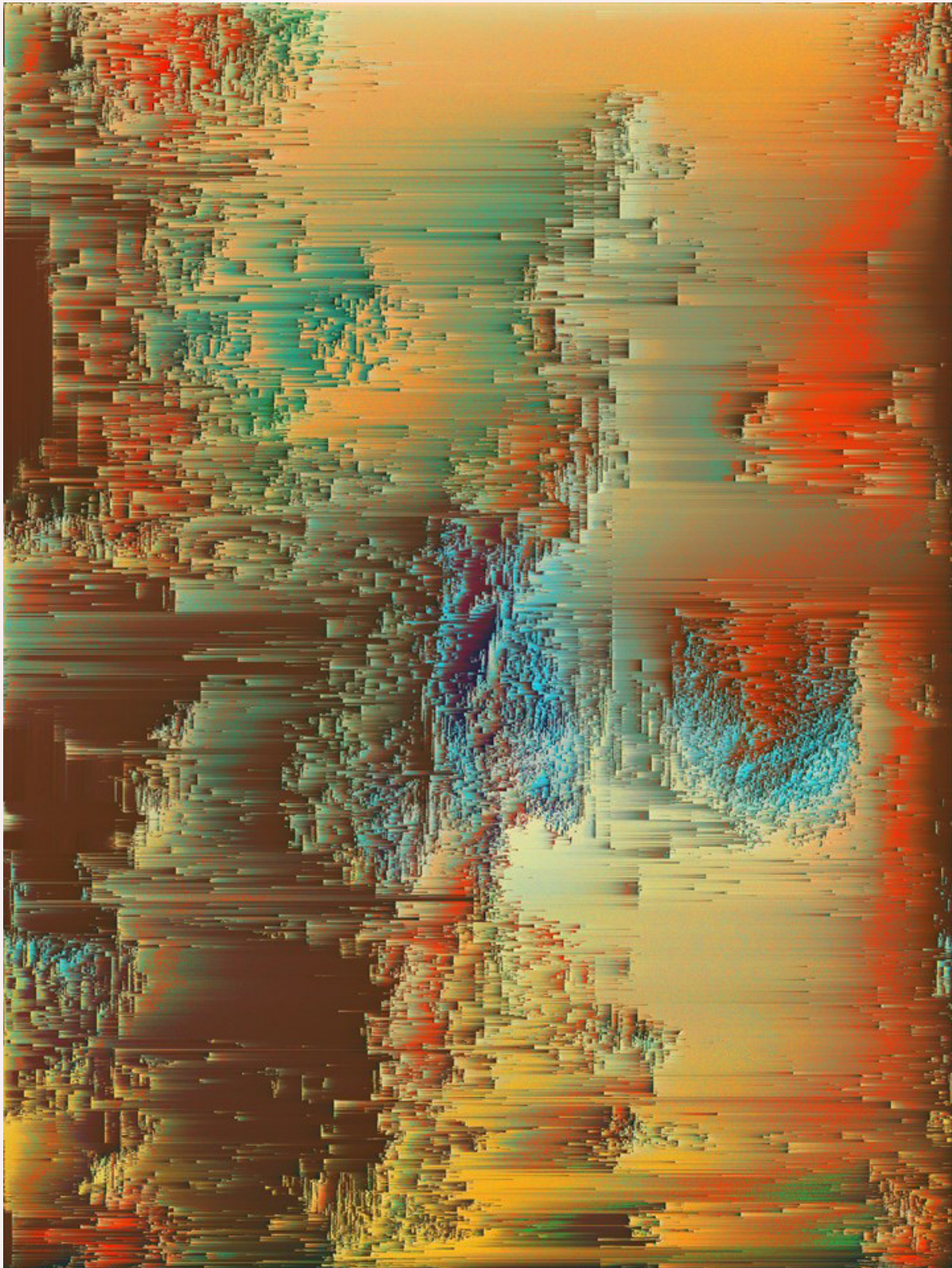
Emil Melia 108

Cover Art: 04

Artist: Justine Higgins



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# CAN YOU SEE HER SEE YOU

Tanner Vargas

# IN THE WATER

Lilia Marie Ellis

In the water, the swaying crocodiles pretend they have wings.  
They turn their bodies lighter than the canoe  
passing them over.

One beside me matches my pace.  
could reach my fingers, extend them.  
I could go where she's going if I were allowed,  
if years really did flow on like a river.

Some silent with their mouths open adorn  
the banks with just their presence.  
They've mastered the art of making motion out of stillness,  
and from experience, I know that's harder than it looks.

A memory is something you run through your fingers  
like river mud. Shape it. Hold it. Keep it how it never was.  
It'll always escape down your fingers, drip by drip.

I look out at the sand, not quite afraid.  
The crocodiles sit there calmly with their chipped teeth,  
free to not understand the places they're from.

.





# UNTITLED 5

Joey Aronhalt



# INCLIMATE

Joey Aronhalt



# BEAT THE WHITES WITH THE YELLOW WEDGE

Joey Aronhalt







# UNTITLED

Joey Arc





# LED 3

onhalt

## MAZEL

Eric Auerbach

WAKE UP. Your head is pounding. That's what you g  
 LOOK AROUND YOU. You're sleeping in gym sho  
 There's a bottle of water with tinfoil where the cap sho  
 GET UP AND walk over to it (mask your face with t  
 —someone poked holes through it.  
 Did you smoke out of this? What did you smoke out  
 You're parched.

Go to the bathroom and expel THE SHIT YOU DID  
 NOTHING IS MORE SHAMEFUL THAN a white  
 DISTRACT YOURSELF FROM THE PAIN; OPEN  
 your cell phone.

IN SYNAGO

GUNMAN STA  
 "KILL A

Oy vey.  
 I had vodka last night too. I can feel it.  
 How many shots did I take?

ARE  
 11 A  
 AND 4 PC  
 ARE

How many shots does it take to drop an entire congre  
 third in trending behind 'CLEMSON' and 'GATOR  
 and booze if I don't get off of this toilet soon.

TAKE A LONG LOOK AT YOURSELF in the mirr  
 YOU DON'T sleep in clothes. YOU DON'T wash u  
 WHERE DID ALL OF THESE STAINS COME FE  
 What did I do last night?  
 (my mother told me her mother would tell her)  
 Did I really smoke through aluminum foil?  
 ("your mazel is your mazel.")  
 I'm still thirsty.  
 (as far as I know, 'mazel' means destiny...or luck.)

et for drinking so much.  
 rts. You never sleep in clothes.  
 ould be on top of your refrigerator.  
 he palm of your hand to heal your horrendous headache)

of this?

DN'T THINK WAS THERE.

e wine enema.

N UP

3 DEAD

OGUE MASSACRE

TED HE WANTED TO

LL THE JEWS”

T LEAST

ARE DEAD

OLICE OFFICERS

WOUNDED

egation of old Jews? ‘JEWS’ is currently  
 S’. I’m going to start shitting more than just blood

or. You’re wearing a shirt your mother bought for you.

p with your shirt on.

ROM? IS THIS MY semen?



I haven't even taken my medication yet.  
 ("your luck is your luck.")  
 I should wash up.  
 (I should call my mother.)

*Hi, mom.*  
*No. I was*  
*Yeah. I'll g*  
*I love you.*  
*Love you.*

Today feels better than most days.  
 The sky is blue and there's a breeze. The clouds have got s  
 I have work to do.

It's nice at the park. I brought a blanket to lie on so the g  
 LITTLE KNIVES. I can still feel their sharp edges throu  
 I try not to FOCUS ON IT too much. IT WON'T GET  
 It doesn't get any better than this.

POLICE ID S  
 SHOOTING T  
 DEAD AT CAL

Although  
 my throat is still  
 a little sore.

GUNMAN I  
 AS 'TROUBLE

So, I guess, things could be better.  
 Maybe I should  
 call my mother

MOTHER OF LAS  
 KILLED IN CALIFC

again.

DOESN'T WA

*I'm good. How are you? Okay. I just thought to call you.  
tired. I don't fit in with them. Yeah. I'll talk to the rabbi.  
to next Friday. Okay. Okay? Okay. I'm glad you're okay.  
Bye. I'll call dad soon.*

somewhere to be. They're in a hurry. I am too—

grass doesn't CUT INTO ME LIKE A THOUSAND  
gh the cloth.  
T ANY BETTER than this.

SUSPECT IN  
THAT LEFT 12  
IFORNIA BAR

IDENTIFIED  
ED VETERAN'

VEGAS SURVIVOR  
ORNIA SHOOTING

NT PRAYERS

hat to do if I suddenly need to survive.)  
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YOU NEED TO  
TAKE ACTION  
IMMEDIATELY

I am sitting quietly underneath a tree on my college campus reading to myself.  
The sun is out and I feel

THESE ACTIVE SHOOTERS ARE  
OUT TO KILL AS  
MANY PEOPLE AS POSSIBLE

just fine. (*You're supposed to remain calm*) in times  
like these. (You don't want to)

307 MASS SHOOTINGS  
IN 311 DAYS

(panic)

328 DEAD  
it is much smarter to remain calm

1,251 INJURED

in times like these. I should thank my mother on looking out for me

THE PRESIDENT HAS  
GONE GOLFING

on my behalf

.  
. .  
.

*there's a shooter.*

THE VICTIMS ARE  
EVERYDAY PEOPLE

*(what? where?)*

JUST LIKE YOU AND  
ME



# IMAGE1\_1

Natoya Ellis

O5

Elizabeth Espinoza





# O1

Elizabeth Espinoza





O  
Elizabe



3

th Espinoza

# READING THE MENU AT SOUP RESTAURANT

Celia Hauw

## READING THE MENU AT SOUP RESTAURANT

“These legendary group [sic] of womenfolk laborers in their red and blue hats helped built modern Singapore and are an icon in their own right. Their frugality and dogged determination to work hard and fend for each gave birth to a brand of food that this restaurant is trying to rediscover and propagate. For starters, those tough ol’ ladies would largely exist daily on a high fibre vegetarian diet. Dried fish would be a bonus. They saved and ate thriftily in order to remit their monies back to their ancestral home in Samsui, Kwangtung in China. Come Chinese New Year, it would mean a feast for them, and steaming a plump chicken, marinated in ginger is de-ri-geur.”

– Description of the Samsui Ginger Chicken dish by Makan Sutra,  
a popular website that offers food guides to Singaporean cuisine

1

An image of a Samsui woman  
streaks across the menu  
in torrid brushstrokes: crisp  
and shriveled in the heat, her red hat  
a burnt sienna on the page, her blue pants  
drenched and dried the wrong way.

2

The owner of the restaurant knew perfectly well  
what the Samsui women ate: steamed cabbages –  
the mild, wet taste of warmth –  
packed with rice into a tin container,  
cradled in arms on the two hour walk  
to the construction site. They walked  
instead of spending twenty cents  
on a bus ticket that would have taken them  
less than half the time.  
This must be the “frugality” and “dogged  
determination” he writes about, as if  
it had been their choice and not,  
just simply, a consequence of their circumstance.  
This becomes an interesting story to propagate.

3

There is a scene from a period drama  
filmed in 1986 capturing several Samsui women  
on their lunch break, the absence  
of steel knocking against steel  
leaving room for voices to occupy the surrounding air.  
What do we make of them looking  
into one another's tin containers?

4

In a field interview, at the mention of this dish  
the interviewee, a Samsui woman  
from back in the day, cracks a laugh  
Work so busy, where got time to eat?  
Do you eat the Samsui chicken every Chinese New Year?  
The interviewer asks. No,  
not even once.

5

The waitress brings the Samsui Ginger Chicken  
to the table. Slices of chicken breast  
fan out like petals and at the center rests  
a saucer with a dollop of ginger sauce.  
The meat is too plain by itself, a mild  
wet taste in the mouth, so we drench the body  
in ginger and wrap it in lettuce. But,  
it unravels as soon as we take the first bite.  
It follows like this: crunch  
of the lettuce's spine when it snaps, our teeth  
sinking into flesh, the fragrant sesame oil  
slowly streaming down our fingertips.

6

Those were the mornings,  
passing through the five-foot way, where  
the Samsui women paused to watch the butcher  
standing out front with his round  
chop-block. They watch him with caution, how  
he has a hand around the neck of a steamed,  
plump chicken, how with a cleaver  
he starts from its throat and slices it down.





# STRIP

Natoy



PPED

a Ellis

# MOMENT

Kikelomo Ogun-Semore







# HADES AND PERSEPHONE

Kim Tumblin

CONCERNING THE  
WEDDING IN THE GALLERY ON  
THE LOWER-RIGHT SIDE OF THE  
STREET IN PISSARRO'S LE  
BOULEVARD  
MONTMARTRE, EFFET  
DE NUIT

Youssef Helmi

Daughter dearest, are you still not ready,  
have you any idea the time—

the sky is cooling, coaxing itself into an  
oil-on-canvas eventide rain-beaten shore blue,

so you ought to hurry,  
the guests are getting a

table-tap the wine glass until the server  
brings another anxious,

an anxious starting at the corner of mouths before  
spreading to chapped-lip licking listlessness—

we're quite excited, you know  
to see your smile and skin scrubbed so clean

from the nape of your neck to where the  
rings go, china doll blemish free

wrapped and robed in laced dress white  
enough for a Janazah shroud, to see

in gold-spindle light rosed cheeks and glistening  
eyes aglow below wreathed veronica and vervain—

it wasn't easy, you know  
picking the perfect lovers to keep you during

each half of day, for morning and  
night a husband and wife,

at first their bodies may hurt you to touch,  
but I promise each kiss and bite will be lush—

for now, suck on these pits of peaches and  
plums your night lover picked,

darling don't use teeth with such sticky-sweet  
gifts, we still have photos to take—

the ceremony's starting, the musicians trumpet  
amber notes from instruments' brass hearts,

your night groom waits in the red-yellow candle-  
lamp lit hall that outside glows like a lambent warm—

it'll soon be dawn if you aren't quick, and  
your morning wife yearns for you to warm the sheets—

don't slump, stand up, we're on our...  
wait—

you're going the wrong...  
the aisle is this way—

this isn't how I raised a lady to behave,  
you're making a scene all the guests can see—

it's raining outside,  
you'll get your rice-white dress wet,

there are puddles and ponds, without shoes  
you'll slip in those seashell satin-spun socks—

wherever you go,  
will there be anyone you know—

will they know how to tuck you in to sleep,  
will they know how to steep each tea leaf—

daughter dearest,  
aren't you afraid to be alone—

your lovers and guests are lined up watching you and  
the saffron room reflecting off the rain-soaked road—

darling, don't go through that door  
don't you see how beautiful you are—

darling,  
it looks like you're dancing away on a deluge of gold

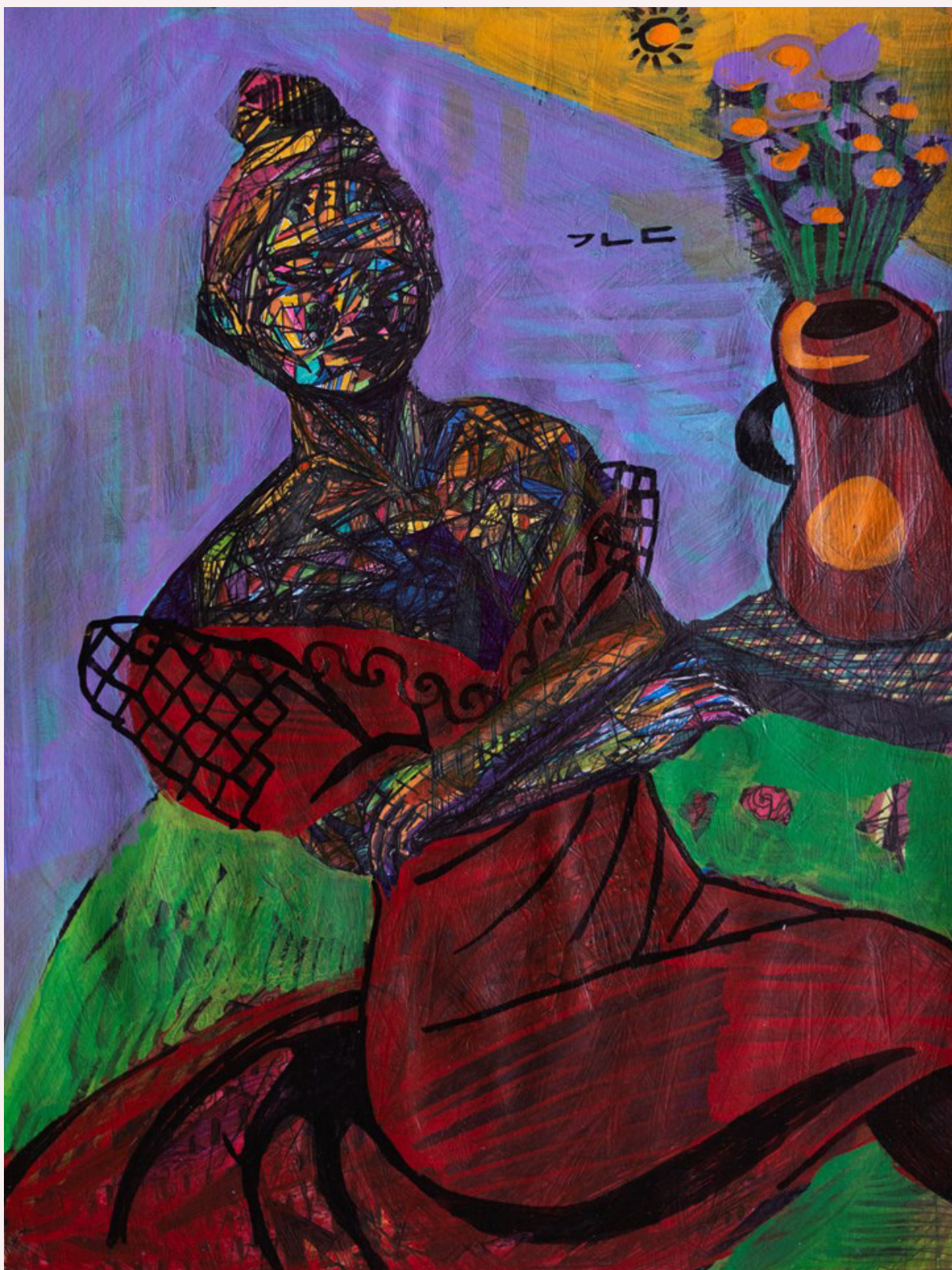




# FANTASY

Chunbum Park





# LADY A

Chunbum Park





# DISEMBODIED

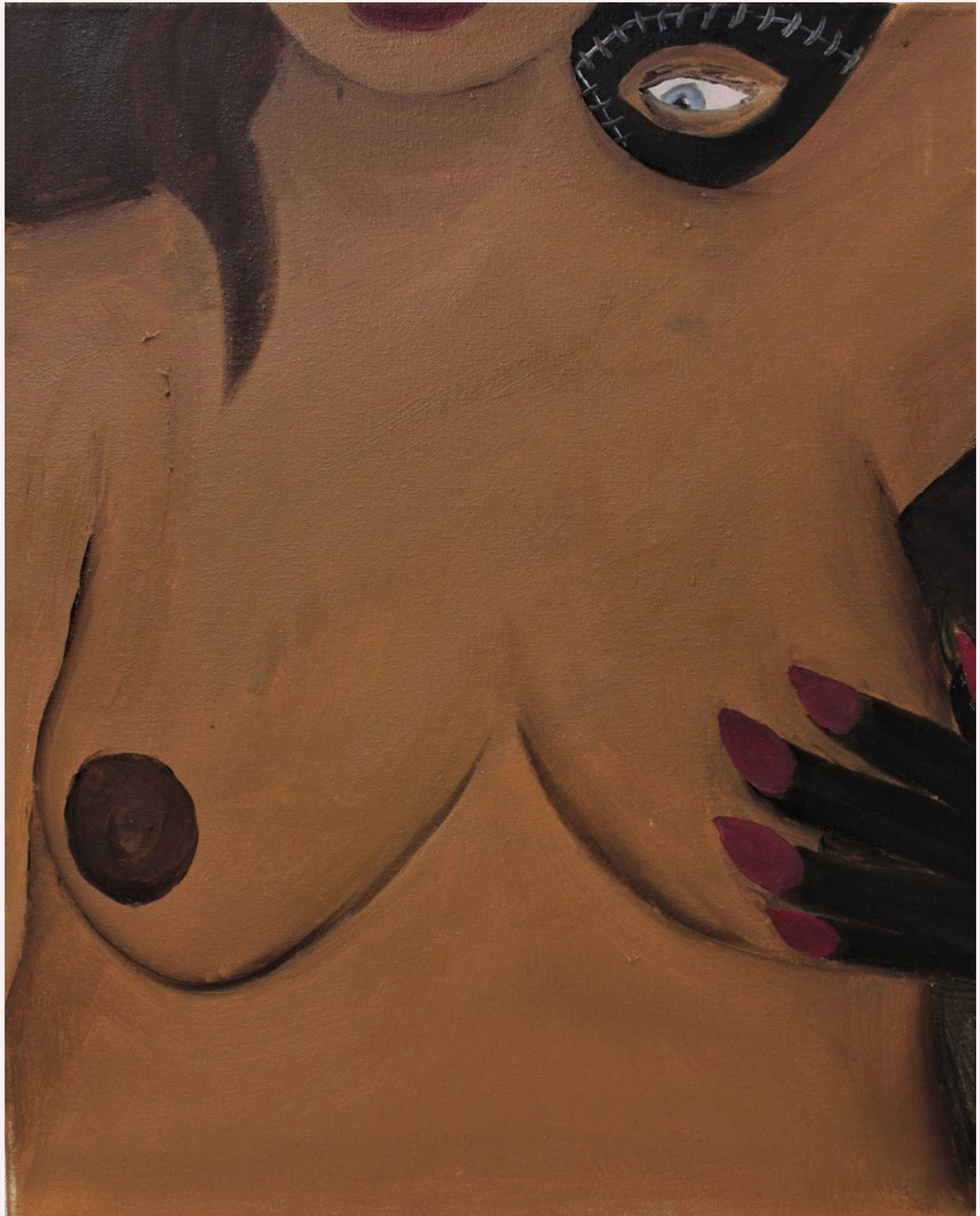
Kim Tumblin

# THE DUALITY OF THE SURFACE LEVEL

Evelína Kolářová

the skin of my face –  
the face of my skin





# THE EYE

Maria Vargas





# THEY ARE JUST CLOSED MINDED PEOPLE

Maria Vargas





# BANTU

Keeley Smith





# HOBBIES

Keeley Smith





# MT. ABSTRACTION

Chunbum Park



# JAKARTA AUBADE

Kyna Smith

At Fajar Berseri Mental Rehabilitation Center  
The wooden pillars cast  
heavy shadows over white tile

floor stained with cigarette ash,  
while the Jakarta heat wrings

a cloth of wet air onto  
a row of brown bodies glistening

under a yellow mask of daylight.  
Twenty women who reek abashedly

of touched skin, weightless arms  
draped across batik fabric damp

with sweat. Never mind the naked  
woman covered in flies, her chest

concaved from hunger, silence a chisel  
scraping my insides clean. Never mind

the metal beds placed in some rooms  
but not others, the number

of consecutive nights unknown—  
*He raped me. He raped me*, scorching

in my ear. I want to pray over and over,  
but I know I'm just a girl sifting

through lifetimes of unholiness. Outside  
motorcycles roar as they speed by,

mindless chatter pulling a sheet  
4over the city, draped above crowds

of Warung sellers and beggars. But  
never mind the woman staring

blankly at the wall, never mind  
the ghost invading the glass walls

of her body. *He raped me. He raped me.*  
Allah tell me this, why their bodies

have crawled out of flesh to tiptoe  
around me, how I cannot help

but watch because my body  
does not belong to me either—

Allah tell me, the manner in which  
you pull each of our weeping

strings knowing you will never  
cut them loose.



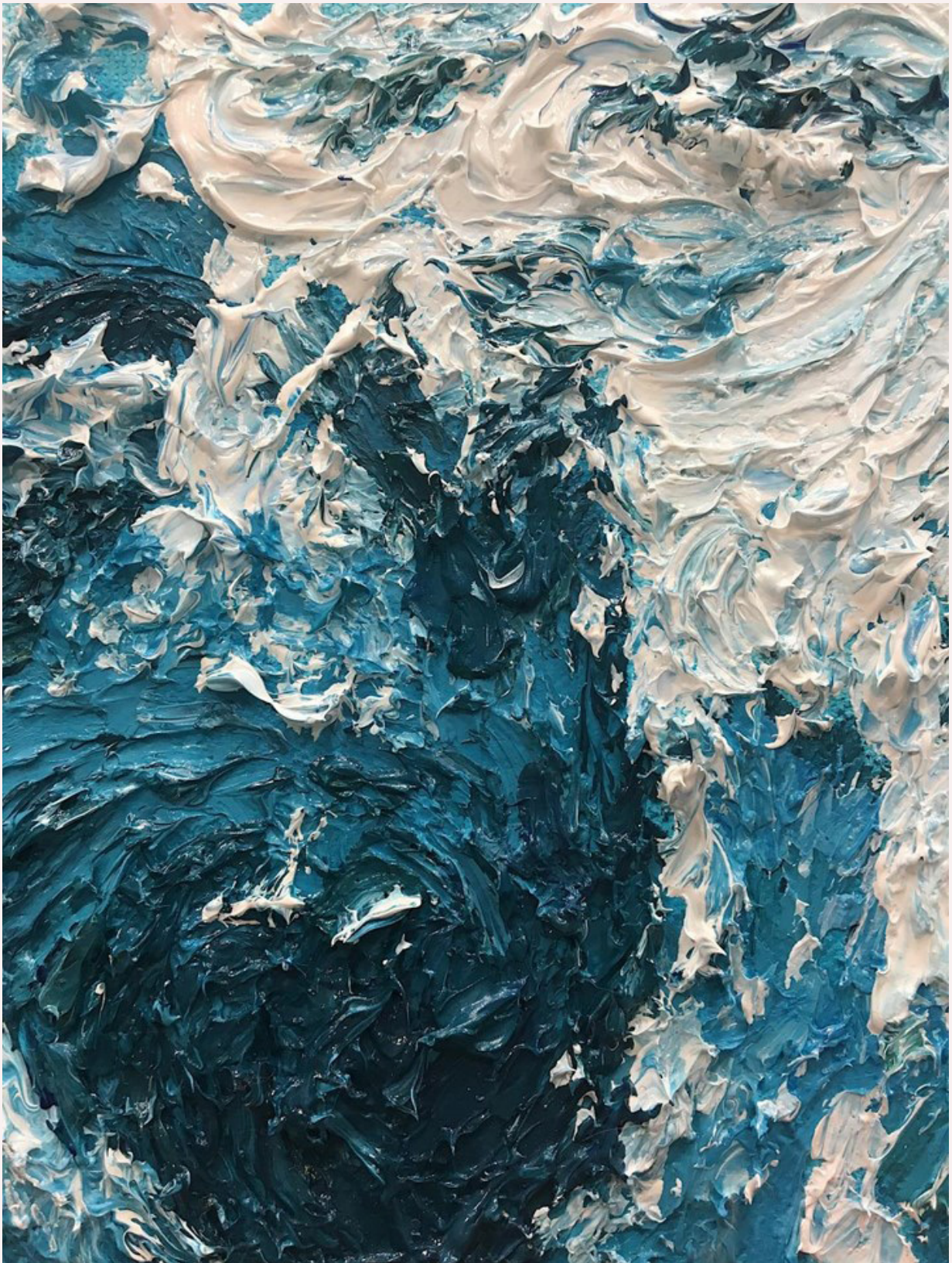
# PART OF ME

Elina Ghanbari



# IN DEEP WATERS

Erin Adelman







# IN DEEP WATERS

Erin Adelman





# IN DEEP WATERS

Erin Adelman

# GOLDEN CARPS

Vivian Jiang

In Chinese folklore, the golden carp whips  
its metallic body upstream. Brave—  
it wriggles against the wash of the current  
and arrives at the Dragon Gate, eager to zip  
up its brand-new Celestial Dragon uniform.

My parents were once carps too, swimming  
in schools that chanted songs of the (blood-  
stained) Red East. The water was so murky  
from the inky soot of burnt books and canvas,  
my parents bent at the fin and darted into

the cracks of a mossy stone to wait for the streams  
to sweep the others to a faraway lake. But the current  
brought more; so with fat rosy-cheeked gulps,  
they thrashed towards not a gate, but a white-picket fence.





# HOVER

Tanner Vargas



# THAT SUNDAY ANGLE

Tanner Vargas





01

Justine Higgins



07

Justine Higgins





# INSIDE MY HOUSE

Ashton Najarian



# THE SUNLIGHT FLOWED IN

Ashton Najarian



# AND ARE THE MYSTERIES OF THE UNIVERSE FOR YOUR CONSUMPTION?

Clarissa Jones

On the afternoon the announcements were made  
we packed our big bag and umbrella,  
our ragged old picnic blanket and the picnic that it belonged to,  
and went down to the beach to watch the end of the world.

There was a certain lack of consensus on what exactly we were supposed to be watching.  
The seas were going to boil!  
No, they were going to turn to blood!  
Ridiculous, all the fish were going to die, and everything else soon after.  
No, of course not, it is only that one minute there will be water; and the next minute none.  
What are you talking about, we are here to watch a comet fall into the sea,  
we are here to drown ourselves in the tsunami that follows.

And on and on and on,  
as people shared sandwiches and binoculars, towels and buckets  
(but not sunscreen)  
debating the circumstance of our impending extinction.

I threw the crusts of my bread to one of the seagulls impatiently waiting  
to see if it could fool any of us into thinking it was starving and take pity.  
It looked smug,  
as if it knew something we did not, could not, see,  
but then,  
seagulls always do.  
They are not the noblest of birds, and we not the noblest of humans,  
those of us making a celebration of our last day.

Since not one of us knew what we were waiting for;  
sometimes a shout rang over the beach  
This is it!!!  
But it wasn't, it was a log in the water.  
This is it!!!

But it wasn't, it was an oddly shaped cloud.  
This is *it*!!!!  
But it wasn't.  
It was just another seagull,  
flying away with a stolen treasure from some other pilgrim's picnic.

What we wanted was a spectacle;  
what we wanted was a monster we could not fight,  
a catastrophe for which we were not to blame,  
a storm we could not weather.  
What we wanted was a final moment of glorious suffering  
to make sense of all the moments of mundane suffering that came before.  
We wanted our catharsis on a scale apocalyptic.

In the end, there was no screaming,  
was no chaos,  
was no panic.

Yes, the sun dimmed, and then bathed us in a strange, red light.  
Yes, something wild and huge spread its wings across the sky and hid in the shadows on the sun.  
Yes, ancient, innumerable, incomprehensible hordes of something rose from and marched out of  
the sea.

But it wasn't a spectacle.  
It wasn't a show.  
The martyrdom we were chasing was never granted.  
We were ignored,  
left utterly alone.  
We could not even begin to understand what dramas that played out before us,  
all there was to do was stand in silence on shore.

The end of the world failed to take into account anyone was watching at all.  
The apocalypse held a complete disinterest in us:  
its audience.  
In fact it did not notice,  
nor care,  
that we had come to witness and to welcome it.

And then when the light came back full force,  
without a warning  
stinging our eyes,

still no one made a sound.

If we spoke,

we knew,

we would have to acknowledge our unimportance,

we would have to admit that as witnesses,

we were not needed,

were not necessary,

that our presence had no bearing on turning of the world.

So on the evening after the end of the world,

as a garish new sun sank slowly into a sea,

that did not boil,

nor turn to blood,

we the spectators packed our bags and umbrellas,

our ragged old picnic blankets and the salvageable remnants of our picnics,

to trek back to the parking lot

as the seagulls began their battles over our forgotten scraps

as we began our journey in the world remade

towards home,

to do the same.





# STREETLIGHTS

Jacy Zhang

# ARTIST SPOTLIGHT

## SILAS COGGESHALL

### Artist Statement

My personal faith as a practicing Anglican and Christian influences the content and imagery of my work. I draw from many different religious writings and art forms in order to explore the beliefs and stories of religion from the perspective of an individual living in the 21st century. My imagery works to reevaluate belief in God or a higher power, the nature of good and evil, and our place in existence. I do this in order to create new visual vocabulary to express the meaningful ideas, concepts, and narratives found within various religions. I also aim to reevaluate and sometimes critique the historic and contemporary artistic conventions used by Christianity.

In regards to my process, I'm very interested in the journey. Not in meticulous planning and formulaic process, but letting what's in front of me lead me into my next step. Furthermore, I do not think of myself as a painter or a sculptor, but I think of myself first as an artist. I then use whatever materials and processes that will best serve my goals visually, formally, and conceptually.

Lastly, I believe that the journey through making an artwork mirrors humankind's search for meaning or search for God. There is nothing made by a human being that is perfect, but each failure leads to the next step in our journey as a race. Therefore, each failed painting or sculpture is a link in the chain that leads to the next artwork I make.





Glory of Creation









Is Murdered





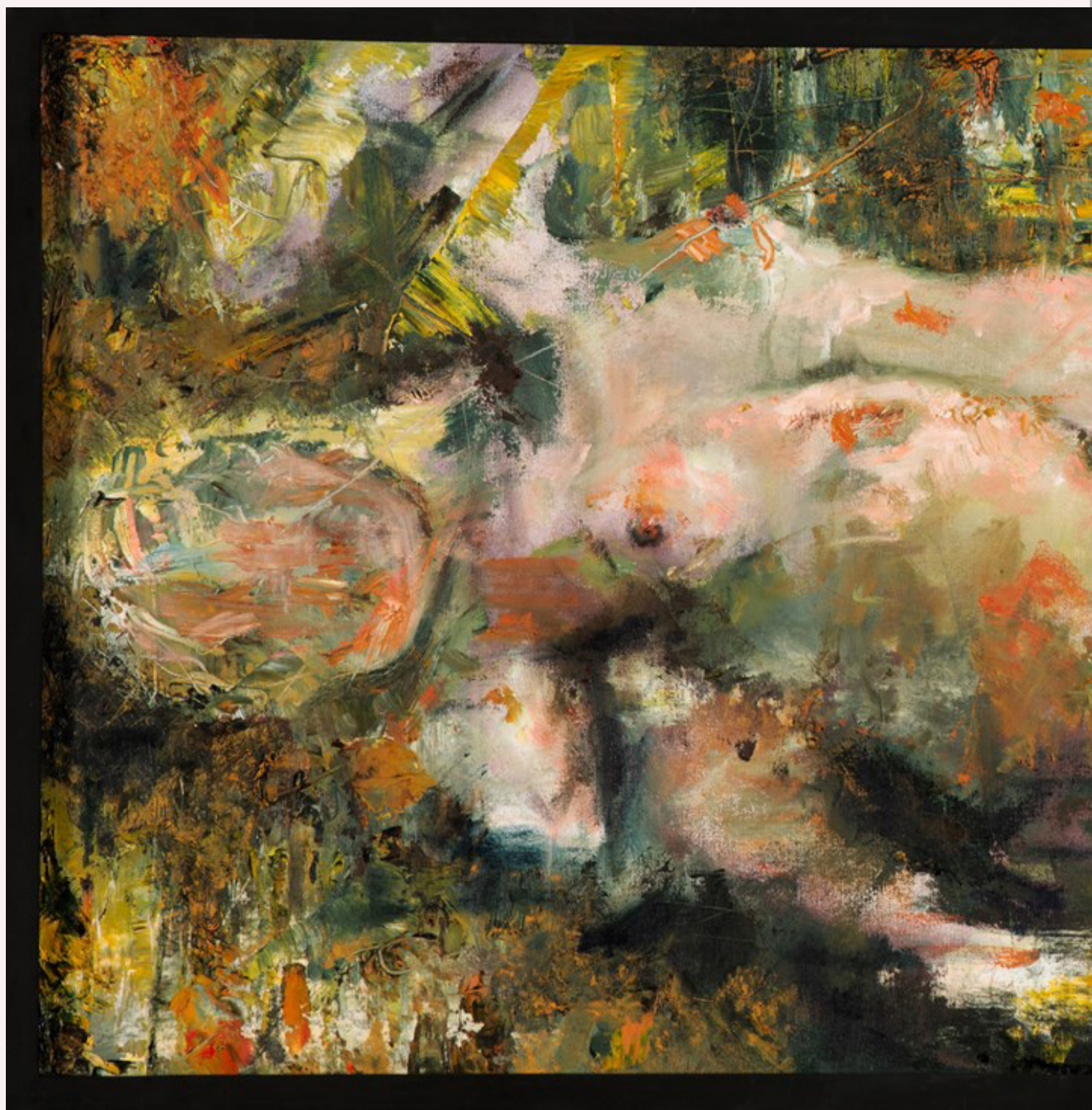
## Tainting Childhood





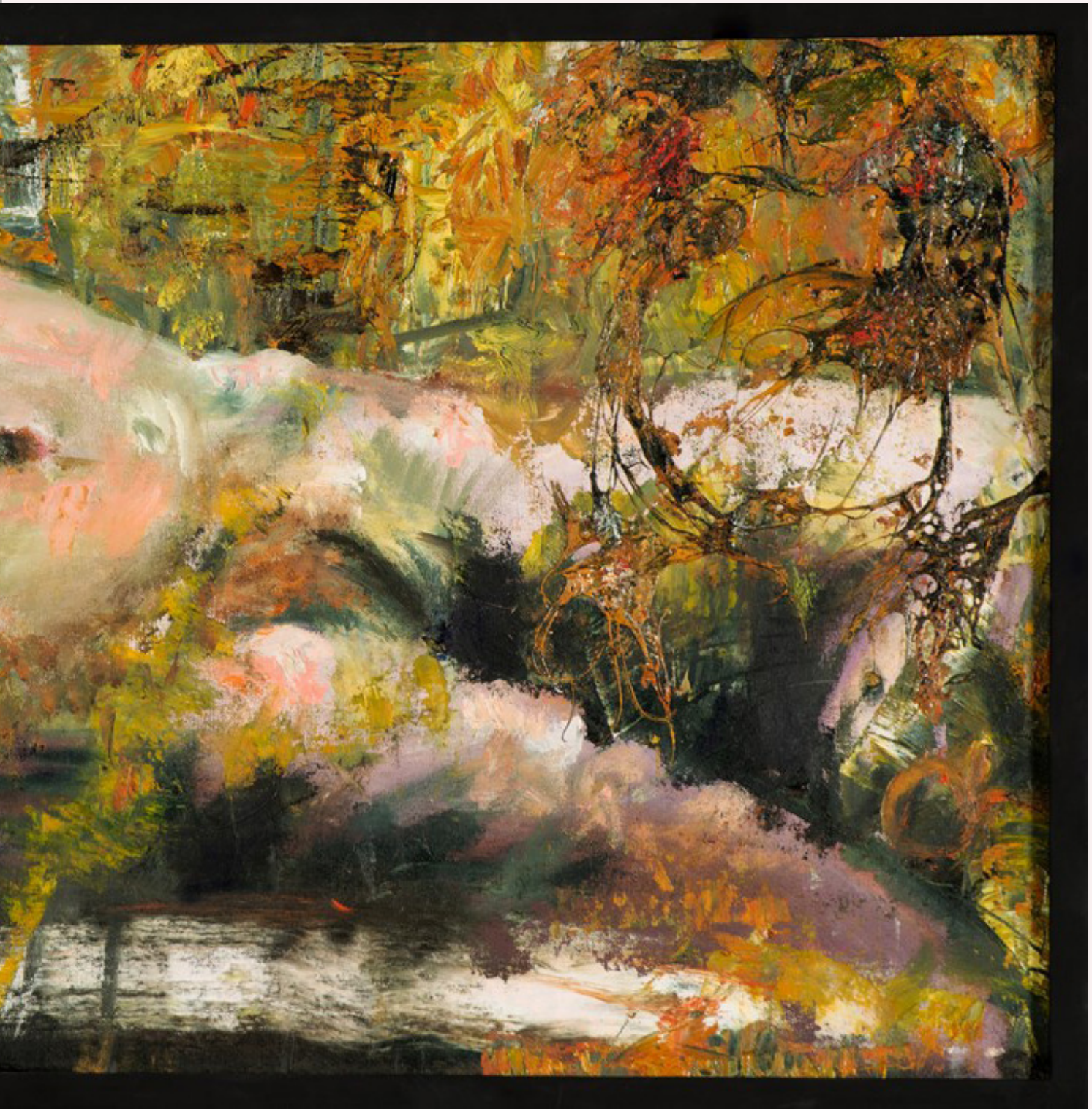
The Conversion of St. Christopher the  
Dog-Faced Saint





Birth of Eve and





## Death of Venus





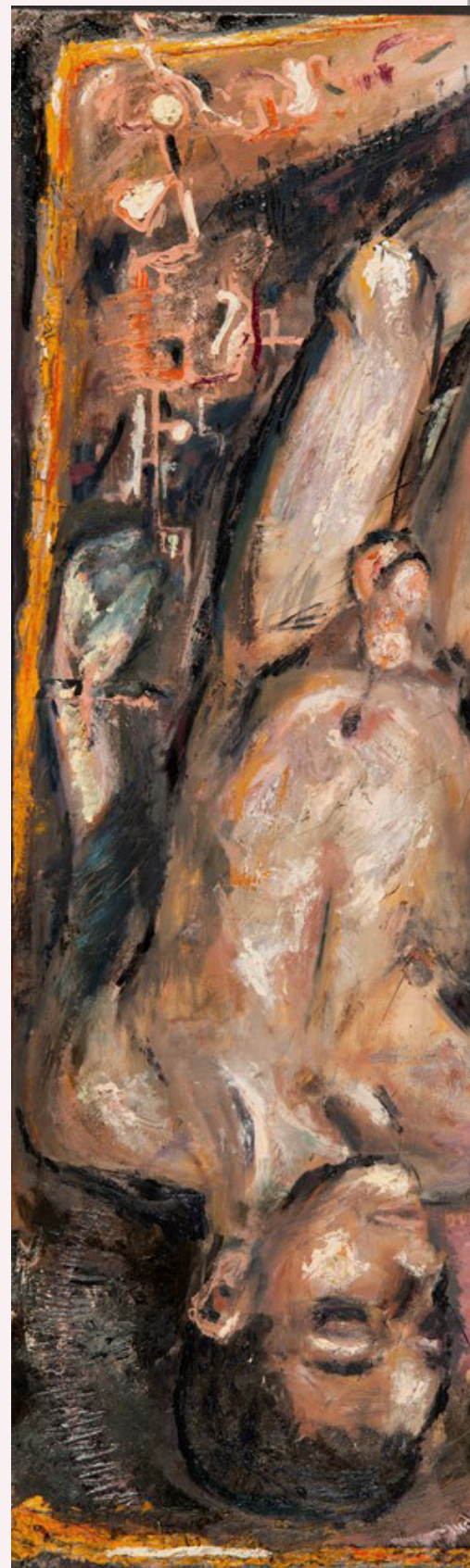
Ecstasy of God





Dream of an Angel





Meditation





ns in Bed

# VAN GOGH'S WHEATFIELD WITH CROWS

Bina Ruchi Perino

There's a winding road through the mind,  
beaten between rhythmic tides of bending

golden wheat; wheat that bows to gusts  
of wet copper air. I wonder about the edge

of single perception, of escaping the indigo  
blanket weighing me down and bearing

barometric pressure into my bones. I wonder  
if I follow that musky mud trodden path,

burrs would crown the soles of my feet,  
marking each stride with sticking stabs.

Crows call out to luminous celestial bodies,  
begging: *how many strokes until the last?*



# ARTIST HIDDEN

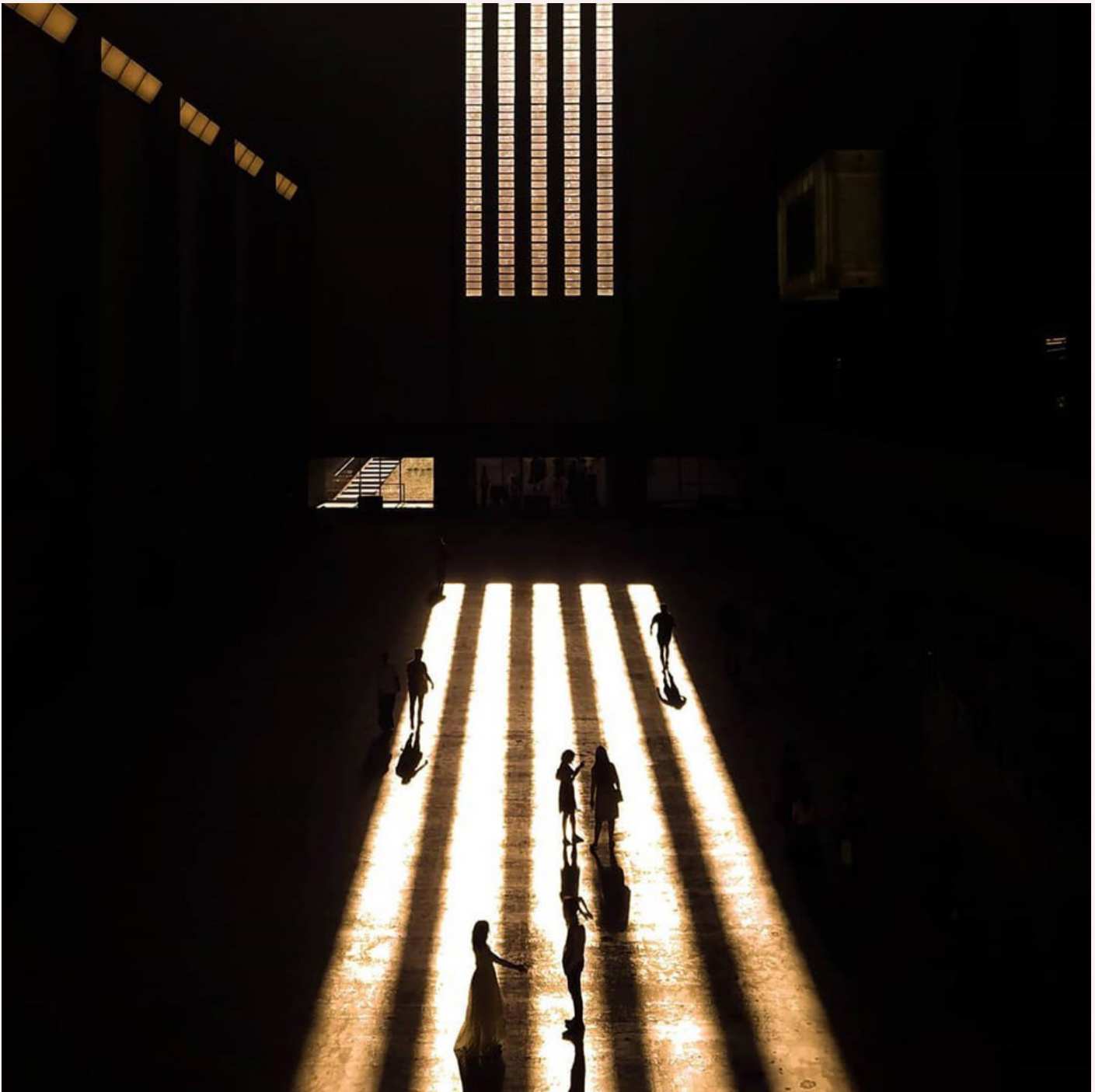
Anthony Jimenez





# VULNERABILITY HIDDEN

Anthony Jimenez



# TIME

Kikelomo Ogun-Semore

XX XX

Jasmine Pierce

Cedar and Hemlock frame a fertile valley.  
Trees slope along the various altitudes  
that extend and roll like an upturned palm.  
On the thumb: our leaning slat home ensconced in a field of salal.  
Below, eastern skunk cabbage dots the yard's declivity,  
leading to sandbags that coddle the narrow irrigation ditch.

Below, gay geneticists' brows soak in soft sweat.  
Tenderly plowing row's of lush dirt,  
they're adorned in colorful waders  
with thumbs thimble and hoes in hand.  
Splicing XX chromosome to XX chromosomes.

While the upper half of my body was dreaming on a feather berth,  
the lower half was nestled in a field of fireweed, my cervix dilated.  
All I felt was wet fear.  
My inner thighs drenched in marionberry preserves,  
as the pink seedling split and spread out.  
The syrupy marl broke at her first infant wail.

In our home:  
We fantasize about orchestrated birthing rituals.  
I sew spit rag quilts and labor the litter.  
You twang sheets of music into the walls,  
and spoonfeed mason sweet Georgia peaches.  
We sit on the porch with our neighbor friend  
and eat dessert every night.  
Maybe someday we could have a kid together.  
Until then, I'll work on the valley.

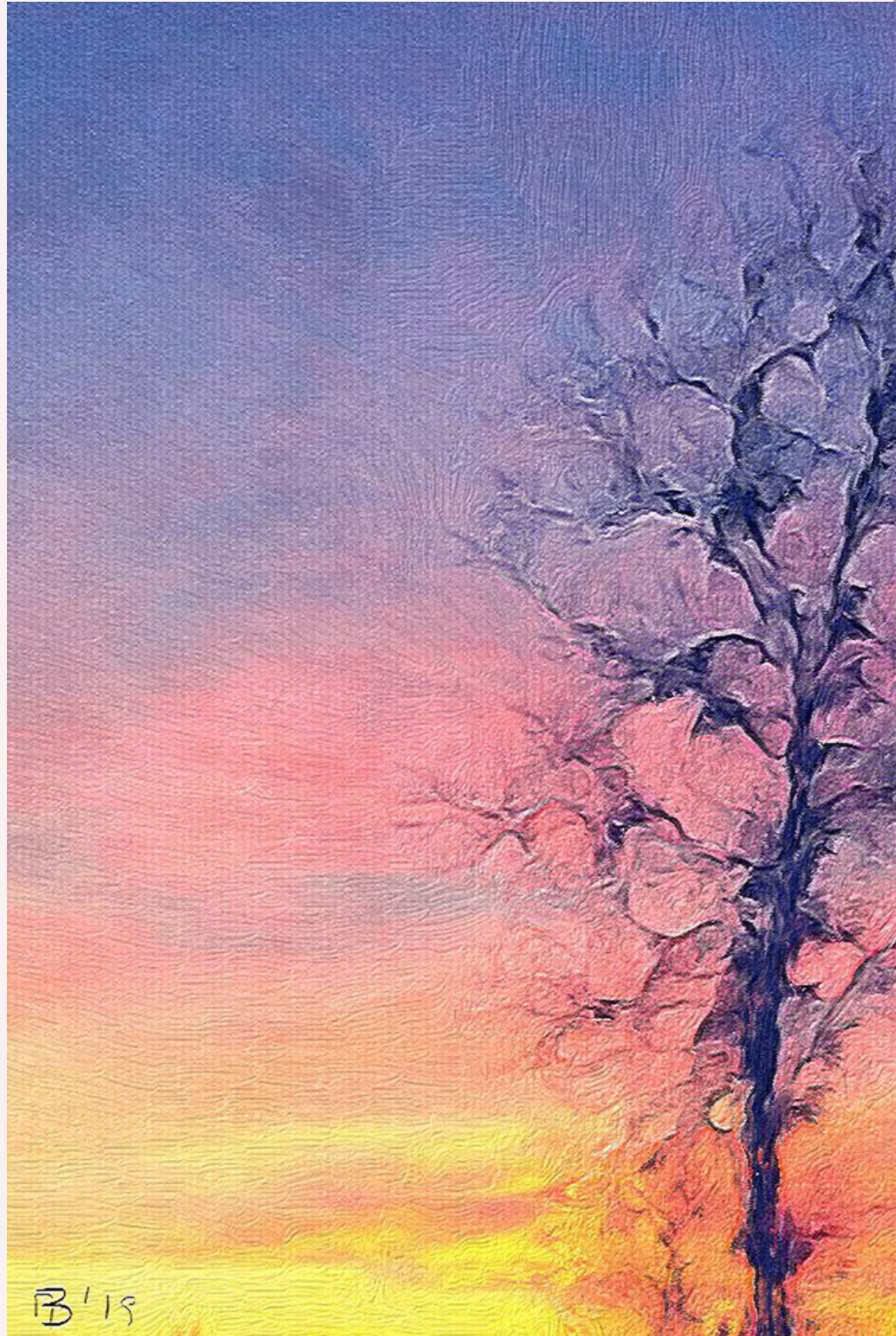




# UNTITLED 3

Kim Tumblin

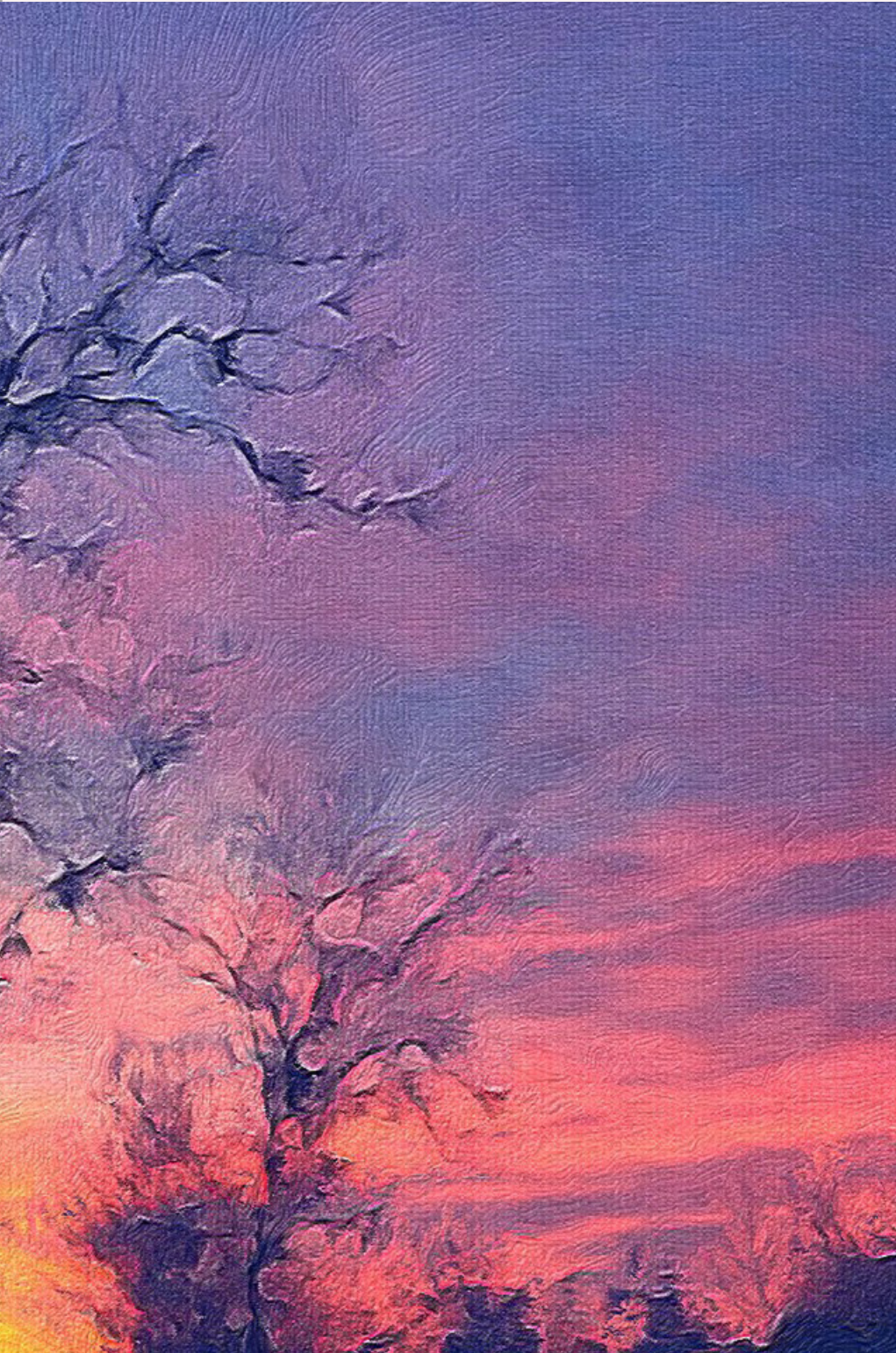




# TRAMONTA CAMILLA A

Matteo

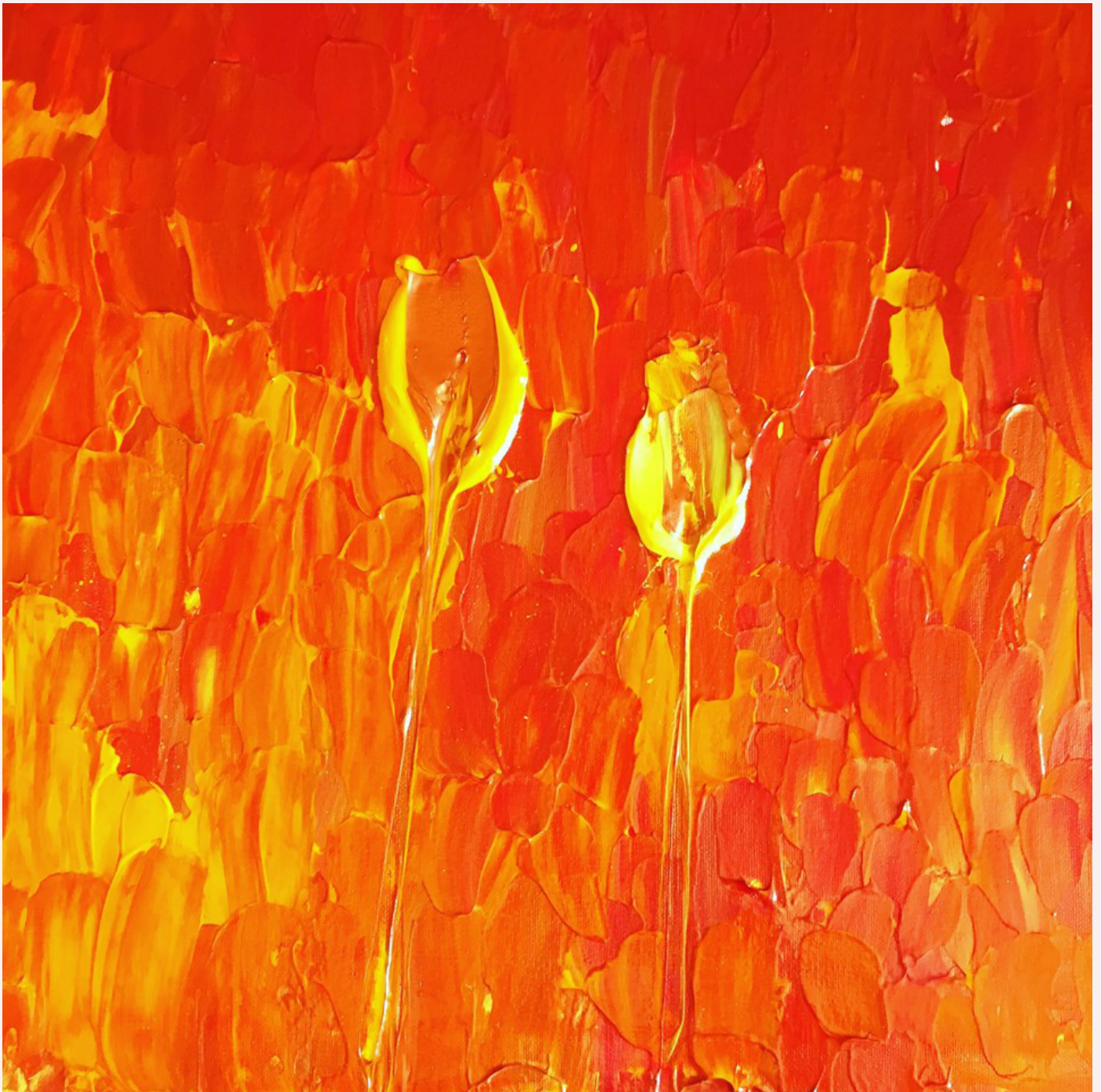




# TO A VILLA ASTI LIGHT

Bona





# CAMPO IN FIAMEE E TULIPANI ANCHE

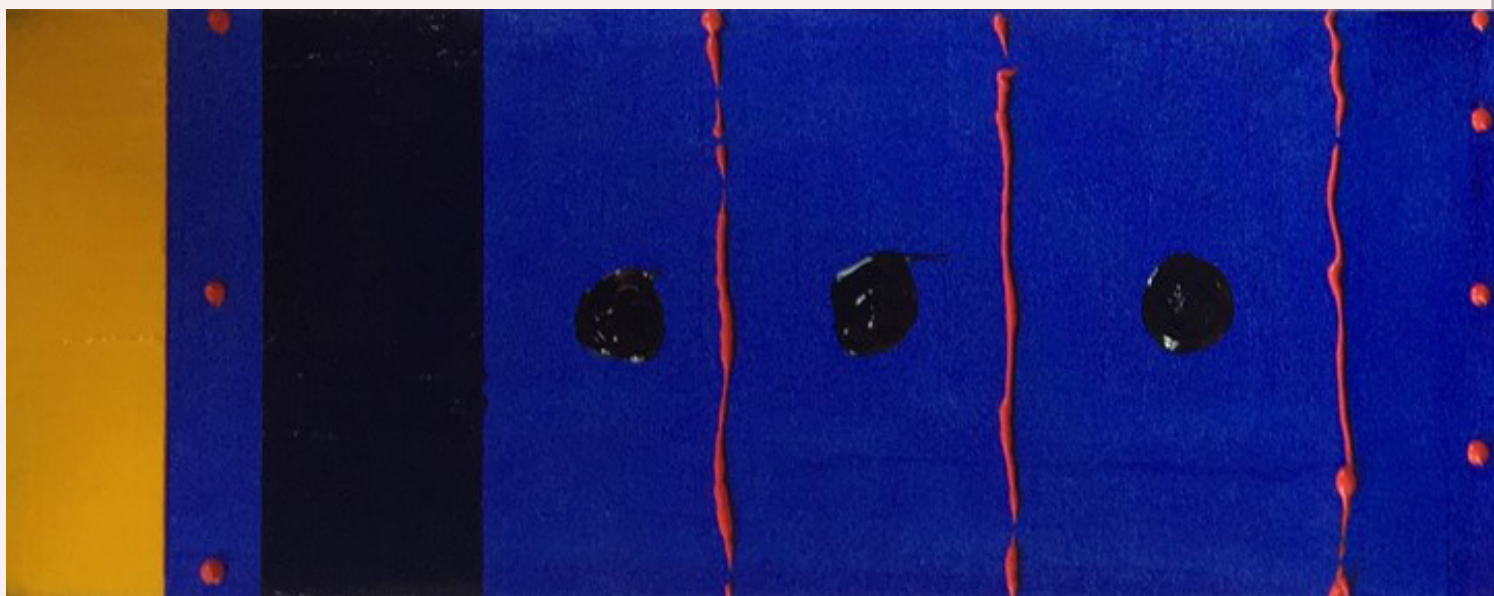
Matteo Bona





# VEINS ON PEACE

Matteo Bona



# THE RATIONAL DREAM

Matteo





# AL PHASE OF MING

Bona



# GLI ALTARI DEL PROGETTO

Matteo





# LA MATERIA UN O GREZZO

Bona

# REAGANOMICS

Jay Berghuis

## **I: For the Summer Sweat**

It is June when the first bodies materialize, six  
young men with lungs strangling them from the inside, &  
cities across the country take notice. There is no word  
for what is happening yet. It is secret. It is whispered. It is  
not even being tested for. They marked the bodies with one of  
four *Hs*. The first is for hemophiliacs, fairies who had the shit kicked  
out of them on the field and off. The second is for Haitians.  
This is a code word for black, people marked with words I  
won't say and the third is for heroin users. Code for  
nobody cared about those prostitutes and parasites anyway.  
The last H is for homosexuals. This is not a code word. We are still  
allowed to hate them openly, to let them die. 1984. I am five and do not  
yet understand how the word 'positive' has become so  
negative when my older brother wails it behind the thinned walls  
of our San Francisco apartment. Positive. Positive.  
Positive that the air is changing over the bay, that the streets  
are narrowing, that a pink triangle is different now than it used to be.

## **II: For All the Men who Stayed Silent**

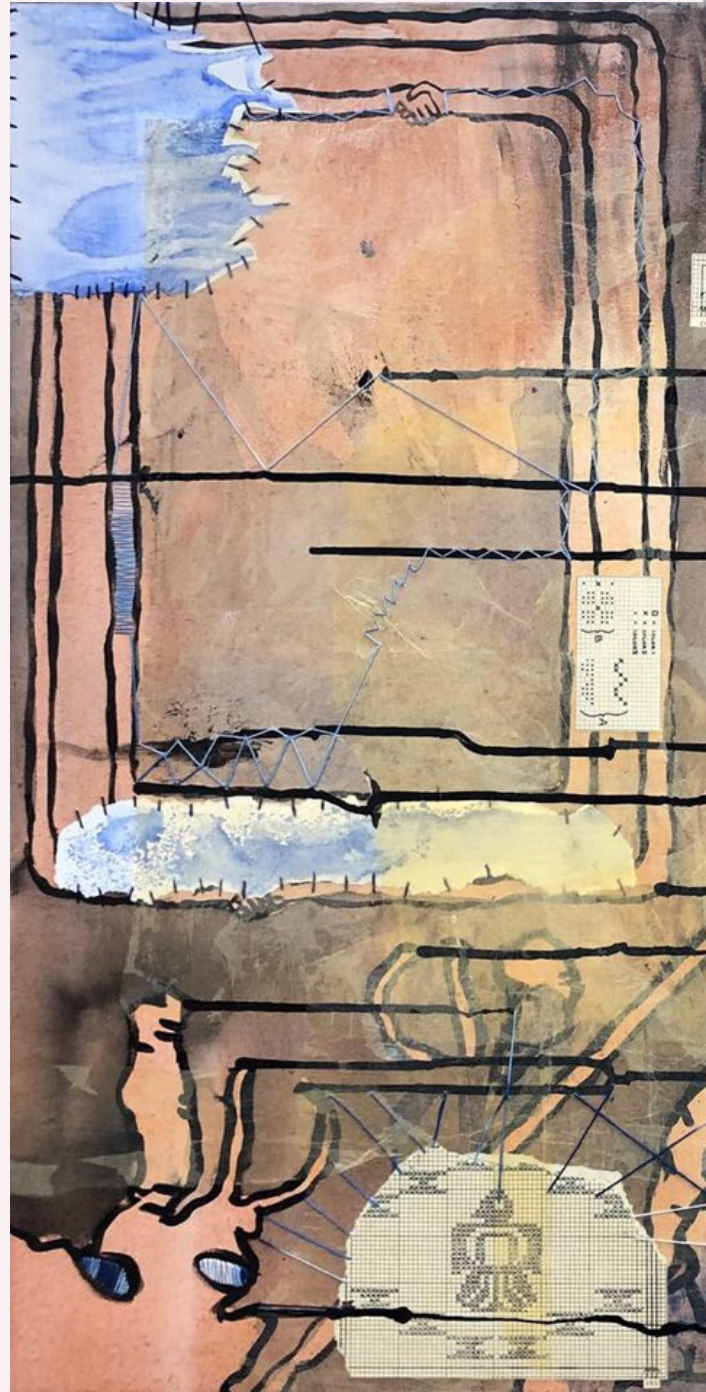
I still imagine a black H emblazoned on my brother's chest as my dad  
identified him. Post mortem. I'm still not sure though who looked less  
alive - my father or his oldest son. It is strange to watch your father  
crumble into dust while your brother decays into earth. The doctors,  
they marked each body with a simple label  
so that Congress could stay quiet. So that WASPs could keep  
buzzing about anything else. Church felt more like a crypt  
every day and the government was the grim reaper. Here's a riddle I still



think about: if you are the president and the people dying  
 wouldn't vote for you anyways,  
 do you have to say anything about it?  
 Silence equals death. Act up.  
 Reagan stayed silent until 20,849 had died. Twenty thousand,  
 eight hundred, and forty nine. This is the lost generation of queer people.  
 This is why they think being queer is a millennial trend. You killed us. You killed us.  
 When he spoke, he said that children who didn't know why they were dying  
 should be kept out of classrooms for their own protection. You did  
 not mourn us. You muzzled anyone who did. You decided that our lives  
 were not even worth the \$10,000 per year it would take to keep us alive  
 to keep my brother alive

### **III: For the End and how it Doesn't and Never Will**

I still have the quilt he spread out on the lawn up in Washington, D.C.  
 One quilt in a sea of thousands, hot summer mornings spent  
 laying them out like construction bricks. He wanted to leave  
 something permanent behind. His body seemed so impermanent  
 those last few days, a bird trapped in the palm of a hand. Like the  
 quilt, he was purpled & frayed & not quite warm enough to make it  
 through the winter. Dad drove the three of us to D.C. in the van  
 because it was so important to my- it was so important & we laid the quilt  
 right there on the president's front porch. I was seven & this was the year I  
 learned that the president is not a hero & my dad had never been one either &  
 I think maybe my brother was the only one the whole time. I still can't believe  
 the way two presidents walked past all those quilts. Heads down as if praying  
 that all these dying boys would just go away. Even after we went home to  
 San Francisco the president walked past  
 my brother's name every day of his eight years & weeks passed & months passed &  
 he is still dead because of what was never done &  
 all I have is the quilt hung up above my writing desk,  
 mailed to me when the President got tired of looking at it.



# BLUEPRINTS FOR C

Emil





# GENDER FAILURE 1

Melia

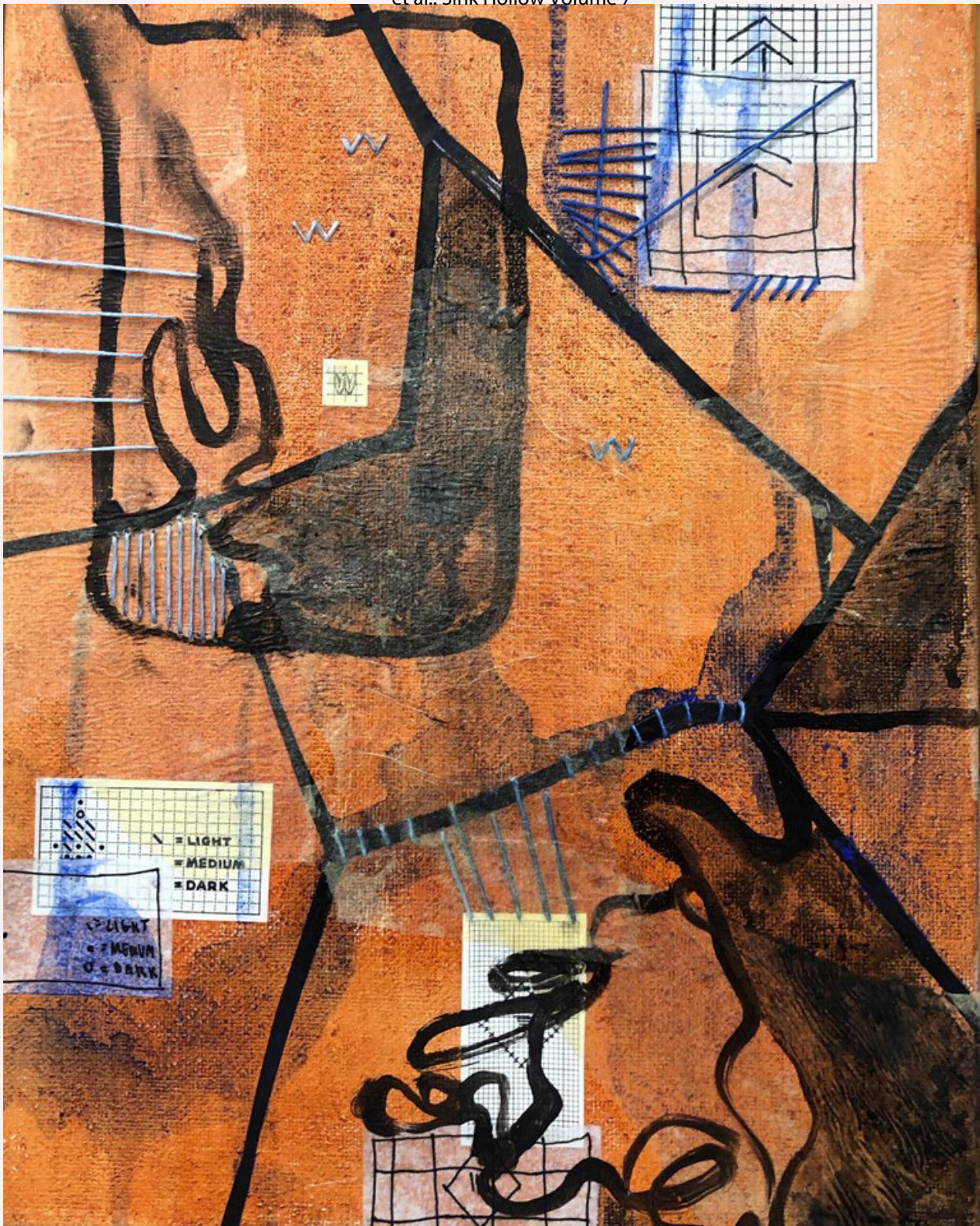




# BLUEPRINTS FOR GENDER FAILURE 2

Emil Melia





# BLUEPRINTS FOR GENDER FAILURE 3

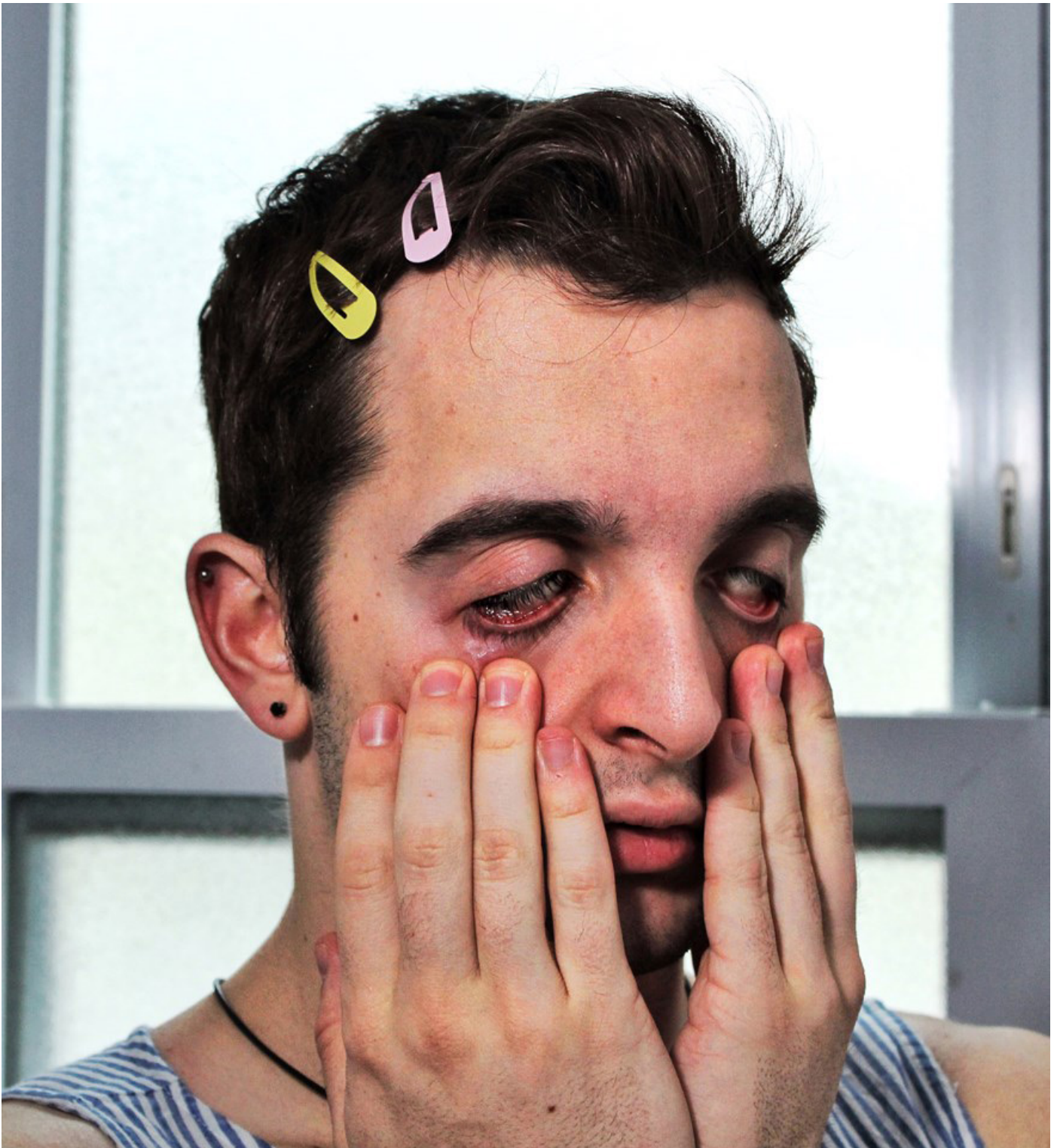
Emil Melia

# WILL YOU BE MY FRIEND

Lina Akkerman

I sit at your doorway  
some nails missing from  
the gold metal strip  
some rusted, sticking out  
I play with them  
while you play Nintendo  
and I watch  
because you  
won't let me join.  
When you brush  
my hair, you dig  
the brush into  
my scalp  
pull my curls back  
tight  
my round eyes  
narrow  
Doesn't that hurt you?  
Baba Rita asks,  
looking pained  
I sit on a blanket  
on the table  
chubby legs splayed  
No  
I whisper.





M9

Mitchell Angelo



# M8

Mitchell Angelo





M1

Mitchell Angelo

# WHAT'S IN MOTION STAYS IN MOTION

Clarissa Jones

The Woman perches  
on the edge of the tiled counter  
as her nails slide under  
yet another of the shiny green scales emerging from her shoulder,  
prying it slowly but not delicately  
out of the surrounding scarred skin;  
and flicks it into the small (yet growing growing growing)  
pile of its sisters at the bottom of the sink.

She closes her eyes  
to the harsh florescent lights,  
her hand stretching across her shoulder and then her back,  
searching for another emerald imperfection in her skin;  
by touch, only,  
not looking never looking:  
if she looks, she makes it Real.

Her fingers dance across her back.  
There? No, only a scar, from another time when she sat on the bathroom sink, eyes closed, sharp  
nails searching.  
There? No, only a wound not yet healed, dried blood still flaking off as her fingers rub the space  
that will become a scar.  
There? Maybe, wait, yes, another scale; an old one, big and hard and green as a beetle's wing;  
in a hard to reach spot; she reasons as to why she must have missed it the last time or the time  
before  
or the time before before before—

(They are not growing faster harder bigger  
she will not entertain the thought.)

This scale is more unwilling to part from the skin from which it sprouted,  
the harder her long undecorated nails poke and prod and try to find a gap between



the scale and the bloody space beneath,  
the harder it stubbornly clings to the skin it has claimed for itself saying  
mine now mine now mine now—

And she wasn't going to—  
but who was there to lie to  
(only herself)  
she thinks as she grabs the metal tool she once heard was for pushing skin from your nails  
(and when has she ever done her nails, the scales would just ruin them, digging out the scales)  
from its place of honor on the counter  
and digs it into into into her skin  
and under under under the scale—

And it hurts and it hurts and the Woman bites her lip as she feels the hot, dark blood  
ooze out from under the scale  
as it finally finally  
lifts from her body,  
exhausted from its fight, letting go.

And this time  
(and she said wouldn't said she wouldn't  
it's gross and obsessive and what is the point—)  
instead of flicking it onto the pile  
she holds the glossy green scale  
up to the light  
as if it holds all the answers to all the questions she has ever, ever asked.

(and therein, of course, lies the problem:  
what if it does, what if it does, what if does.)

But this time the old scale sits silent between her fingers  
not mocking  
just silent  
and she flicks it into the sink to rest on top of the others,  
shaking off her shamed reverie.

She reaches back, to see if the spot's still bleeding  
(and of course it is, of course it is, of course of course of course—)

The blood not so much flowing as oozing  
out, over her fingers;  
and she lifts her head  
to look out the bathroom window  
where the little apple tree that is so pink and pretty in spring  
and so bare and lonely now in winter so long,  
hunches over in the dry wind.

She rests her head in her hand,  
forgetting the blood that stains her finger;  
the blood from the scale,  
smearing her cheek.





# EAVESDROP

Anthony Jimenez

# BIOGRAPHIES

## ART

### ERIN ADELMAN

Erin Adelman is an undergraduate student at Miami University in Oxford, Ohio and studies Creative Writing and Art and Architecture History. She loves writing, reading, painting, drawing, and discovering new coffee shops.

### MITCHELL ANGELO

Mitchell Angelo is a Creative Writing Major at SUNY Purchase College. His work covers topics such as gender, sexuality, and anything pancake shaped. His work has previously appeared in *Gandy Dancer*, *Gutter Mag*, and is forthcoming in *The Westchester Review*.

### JOEY ARONHALT

Joey Aronhalt is an Akron based film photographer. He mainly uses medium format film. He inserts a sheet into different environments to explore the relationship it creates with them. His main goal throughout his photographs is to make the viewer question what is going on.

### MATTEO BONA

Matteo Bona was born on January 1st, 1997, in Asti (Piedmont, Italy). He studied at the Public Scientific Lyceum Francesco Vercelli. Now he studies Foreign Languages and Modern Literature at the Università del Piemonte Orientale. He published his first poems' collection "Oltre la Poesia - Anche la creazione muore" during 2015 and "Il senso del nulla" (Eng. "Nothingness sense") in January 2018. He received the Roma 3 Academic Prize "Apollo Dionisiaco" for the Unpublished Poem and the "Cesare Beccaria" Prize for the Figurative Art, both during 2016.

### SILAS COGGESHALL

Silas Coggeshall currently lives in Macomb, IL where he is attending Western Illinois University. He is in the final semester of his senior year and will earn his Bachelor of Fine Arts degree in May with a focus in Painting and Drawing. After graduation, Silas plans to continue his studio practice and work at the Quincy Art Center for two years before moving on to a graduate school where he will pursue a Master of Fine Arts degree.

### NATOYA ELLIS

Natoya Ellis is an undergraduate student at the University Of The Fraser Valley. She enjoys photography, hiking and exploring the Canadian Pacific Northwest.



## TANNER VARGAS

Tanner Vargas is a third-year architecture student at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute in Troy, NY. He enjoys escaping studio to write over coffee, design new merch, and photograph the accidental inspirations. ([www.mightytype.xyz](http://www.mightytype.xyz))

## ELIZABETH ESPINOZA

Elizabeth Espinoza is a Mexican-American artist undergraduate student at Aurora University. She is 25 years old and is the oldest daughter to attend undergrad school in her family household. Her family, friends, and relationship with God means a lot to Elizabeth. When she has free time Elizabeth enjoys reading, writing and creating art while listening to piano music. When it comes to creating art Elizabeth loves exploring with materials to help build a world through sculptures.

## ELIZA GHANBARI

Elina Ghanbari is an undergraduate student at Adib Mazandaran University. She loves painting, drawing, and She finds an awesome connection between mind & heart that turns the emotions into art. she published her artworks in the [ojarart.com](http://ojarart.com) & [internetvoid.com](http://internetvoid.com) & [Obraartifact.com](http://Obraartifact.com) & [Abstractmagazinetv.com](http://Abstractmagazinetv.com) & Montana Mouthful & SonderMidwest

## JUSTINE HIGGINS

Justine Higgins is an artist and photographer from Buffalo, New York. She is currently pursuing a Bachelors of Fine Arts degree in Photography at Rochester Institute of Technology. Justine's approach frequently involves meandering journeys where she photographs the people and places she discovers along the way. She carries with her a curiosity for every day and the mundane. With a keen awareness of the world around her, her practice is intuitive and serendipitous. It is a matter of looking, seeing and understanding both consciously and subconsciously.

## ANTHONY JIMENEZ

Anthony Jimenez is a student at California State University Monterey Bay, majoring in Visual & Public Art. His art includes themes exploring thought, wonder, imagination, self reflection, human condition, controversy, and social-political issues. In his spare time he likes painting, drawing, reading, writing, and digital painting/design, and writing/recording music. His art is mainly

## EMIL MELIA

Emil Melia is an artist and art history student at the University of Maryland. Their creative work explores but is not restricted to their own experiences being trans, and their interests include poetry, comics, and total gender anarchy.

## ASHTON NAJARIAN

Ashton Najarian is a 22-year-old student living and working in Dayton, Ohio. They grew up in Fairborn, Ohio in a secluded but peaceful home. They are currently working as exhibition planner and curator of a DIY art space in downtown Dayton called the Arts Collaboratory and currently attend the University of Dayton.

## KIKELOMO OGUNSEMORE

Kikelomo Ogunsemore is an undergraduate at Augusta University. She enjoys writing, photography, and learning languages in her free time.

## CHUNBUM PARK

Chunbum Park, also known as Chun, is a BFA Fine Arts student at the School of Visual Arts. He won the National Scholastic Gold Medal in 2009 and decided to be a painter in 2010. He has studied briefly at the Rhode Island School of Design in 2011 and on and off at the Art Students League of NY until 2017, under the guidance of instructors Mary Beth McKenzie, Deborah Winiarski, Ismael Checo and Michelle Liebler. At SVA, Park has studied painting with Leigh Behnke and Farrell Brickhouse. Park will be a senior in the Fall semester of 2019.

## KEELEY F. SMITH

Keeley F. Smith is an undergrad student attending Towson University in Towson, Maryland. She loves painting and writing.

## KIMBERLY TUMBLIN

Kimberly Tumblin is a senior attending Bowling Green State University, majoring in Two-Dimensional Studies. She is an oil painter and printmaker, working in etching and lithography.

## MARIA VARGAS

Maria Vargas, is a Latina currently attending Aurora University where she is pursuing a career as an art major. In her work she focuses mainly on self-portraits that represent the secrets she is afraid to say, simply because of the roles women are supposed to follow in the Hispanic community, and the judgment they receive by expressing their real sexual desires.

## JACY ZHANG

Jacy Zhang is an undergraduate student at the University of Maryland, College Park. If you were to ask her what the best decision she made this year was, she might answer, "Giving Jesus a chance."



# POETRY

## E.R. AUERBACH

E.R. Auerbach is an undergraduate literature-theater student at the New College of Florida and author of the self-published novel, “Anatomy of a Butterfly”.

The piece “Mazel” is his first work of writing published by an outside press; the rest has remained relatively unread and rarely seen, hiding within the confines of his notebook(s) and computer screen.

If interested, you can view more of his writings and reach out to him through his Instagram dedicated to writing, reading, and the exploration of these things in the contemporary world: @ecstaticunderovercast.

## LILIA MARIE ELLIS

Lilia Marie Ellis is a 21-year-old queer student, poet, and cat lover from Houston. She is a senior at the University of Tulsa. Her work has appeared in publications including Levee, Sonder, and Snapdragon. Follow her on Twitter @LiliaMarieEllis!

## CELIA HAUW

Celia Hauw is Singaporean currently living in Chicago. She is interested in how people think about language, and studies in Neuroscience and Creative Writing at Northwestern University. She is a recipient of the Academy of American Poets College Prize, and her poetry has been published in *Glass: A Journal of Poetry*, *Cha: An Asian Literary Journal*, *Words Dance*, and elsewhere.

## YOUSSEF HELMI

Youssef Helmi is a poet at Florida State University where he studies Creative Writing, Political Science, Arabic, and French. His work has appeared in *Cleaver Magazine*, *Rigorous Magazine*, *Orson's Review*, and is forthcoming in the *Kudzu Review* and the *Watershed Review*. He is currently working on a collection of ekphrastic poems. When not writing, he stress-drinks caffeinated beverages, binge-watches seasonal anime, and muses over the musical merits of death metal.”

## VIVIAN JIANG

Vivian Jiang is a sophomore at Cornell University, studying Government and Creative Writing. When she isn't writing poetry, she can be found ranting about how pickles are sacrilegious to the cucumber or making new playlists that are often too similar to the ones she's already assembled.

## CLARISSA JONES

Clarissa Jones is a graduating senior at Heidelberg University. She loves history, writing, reading anything she can find.

## EVELÍNA KOLÁROVÁ

Evelína Kolářová is an undergraduate student at the University of South Bohemia and a young, emerging writer from the Czech Republic. She enjoys writing, reading, and archery.

## BINA RUCHI PERINO

Bina Ruchi Perino is a post-baccalaureate student at the University of North Texas seeking a Bachelor's in English, Creative Writing. Her work can be found in *The North Texas Review*, *The Nassau Review*, *Sonder Midwest*, *Royal Rose*, and more. She lives in Denton with her dog Maya.

## JASMINE PIERCE

Jasmine Pierce is a poet residing in Portland, OR. She attends Portland Community College. Besides writing, she spends the majority of her time sewing and singing along to ABBA.

## KYNA SMITH

Kyna Smith is an Indonesian-American poet who studies English Literature at the University of Delaware. In her free time, she loves to travel, play guitar, and sing.



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Emil



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Melia